

COUNTY ROAD FUND ACCOUNT.	
To balance in treasury March 15, 1905.	\$ 1,422 78
To delinquent taxes collected.	161 00
To amount received from tax, 1905.	1,332 43
To amount received from tax, 1904.	300 11
To railroad and telephone tax.	1,552 81
To warrants paid and cancelled.	1,773 39
By balance in treasury.	\$ 3,339 39

ROAD TAX ACCOUNT.	
To amount in treasury March 15, 1905.	\$ 2,062 34
To amount received from tax, 1905.	2,036 35
To amount distributed to road districts.	\$ 2,062 34
By balance in treasury.	\$ 4,098 59

JAIL FUND ACCOUNT.	
To balance in treasury March 15, 1905.	\$ 2,836 00
To amount tax collected, 1905.	2,751 23
By amount paid principal and interest on bonds Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5.	\$ 2,836 00
By amount paid interest on bonds, 6 to 11, inclusive.	270 00
By balance in treasury.	\$ 5,587 32

INQUEST EXPENSE ACCOUNT.	
To balance in fund March 15, 1905.	\$ 61 26
By amount costs inquest of J. D. Barton.	17 08
By amount costs inquest of J. M. Paul.	16 35
By amount costs inquest John Lester.	11 41
By balance in treasury.	\$ 61 26

EXHIBIT OF THE Financial Standing of Washington County, MARCH 15, 1905.	
Amount of outstanding county warrants.	\$ 12 99
Amount of outstanding jury scrip.	10 50
Amount of outstanding bonds.	4,591 00
Amount of outstanding notes.	135 00
Amount of outstanding interest on bonds.	2,742 32
Amount of outstanding interest on notes.	1 53
Total indebtedness.	\$ 7,582 34

STATE OF MISSOURI.
COUNTY OF WASHINGTON.
I, W. T. HUNTER, clerk of the county court in and for the county and state aforesaid, hereby certify that the foregoing statement is correct as shown by the records of his office, and is true and correct in all particulars. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said court at office in Potosi, this 15th day of March, 1905.

W. T. HUNTER, Clerk County Court.

HUMOROUS.

—She—"You know you would be just as happy if you didn't kiss me." He—"But do you suppose I am selfish enough to think only of myself?"—Rebobbott Sunday Herald.

—Yes, said one theatrical manager, "that artist's salary is \$500 a week." "Indeed!" replied the other. "Do you mind telling me how much she gets?"—Washington Star.

—"I wish those electric sleighs were in use in Pittsburgh," remarked Miss Point Breeze to Miss Schenley Park. "Why?" "I understand they can be guided by the feet alone."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—"Say, Jack Perkins has asked me to lend him ten dollars." "Well, do it. As a personal favor to me let him have it." "Personal favor to you?" "Yes. If you don't let him have it, he will come to me for it."—Harper's Bazar.

—Ragson Tatters—"Talk about hard luck, if I didn't know better, I'd say you were a stone mason." "What was that?" Ragson Tatters—"Why, I swiped a diamond necklace, an' after all me trouble I found it belonged to a actress."—Philadelphia Record.

—Brother Jack (savagely).—"You'd better drop that Tom Higby, Maud. He's little better than a card-sharp." Maud—"Why, Jack, how can you say that?" Brother Jack—"We played poker six hours last night and quit even."—Leslie's Weekly.

—"I remember," said Mrs. Wickwire, impressively, "you once said that if you had the world you would gladly give it up to me." "Did I?" asked Mr. Wickwire. "Yes, you did. And now I have to nag at you for three days to get you to lay a carpet."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Invigorating Atmosphere.—"No," said the gentleman from Margate. "I shouldn't like to brag about the invigorating quality of the atmosphere down our way, but I will simply mention that a fellow in our town is making a good thing by compressing it and sending it up to London for bicycle-riders to use in filling their tires. It has such elastic and lively qualities that the speed of the machine is increased from 40 to 80 per cent."—Tit-Bits.

LACKED APPRECIATION.

A Man Who Didn't Know When He Was Well Off.

I was sitting with the sheriff in front of the town courthouse when he suddenly stood up, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across the street, and then called out:

"Heah, yo! Is that yo, Jim?"

A colored man, about 20 years old, who was slouching along the other side, came across the street and replied:

"Yes, Mars Renfog, dis am me."

"And what ar' yo doing heah?"

"Ise jist walkin' out, sah. I dun thought I'd drop down and see my darter."

"How did yo get out?"

"Jist made a hole through the back wall, sah."

"Look-a-heah, Jim," said the sheriff as he sat down and picked up a stick to whittle on. "I ain't gwine to stand this fussin' no mo'. This is nigh about seven times yo's broke out of jail."

"Yes, sah, 'bout seven times, sah, but don't let me on me."

"Yo's got out by the doah, the window, the floor, the ceiling and the walls, and you's put me to trouble and the county to expense. Now yo can't go back thar' no mo'!"

"Please, sah!"

"No, sah, yo can't do it. I've given yo a fair show and yo can't expect no mo'. Yo can get yo yourself off."

"But, Mars Renfog, I've dun bin put in jail on a hog case, an' I've got to stay dar till de cotchouse neets!" protested the man.

"I know you were arrested and examined and bound over, and all that, but I'm tired of the fussing. I ain't going to stand by and let nobody damage the jail. You's got out and come back, and now I won't abide it no mo'. Jist take yo'self right off and don't come back to my jail again unless you want to be hard used. If I find yo breakin' in I'll shoot yo shores yo'se bo'n!"

"Won't yo try me jist once mo'?" pleaded the prisoner.

"No, sah! I've drawed the line and now you's got to go and take keer of yo'self. I'm tellin' yo to scatter befo' I make yo turn in and stop up that last hole in the wall!"

The man "scattered" in a discourteous, dejected way, and as he was lost to sight down the street the sheriff growled:

"Durn a feller who don't know when he's being used like a bo'n gentleman."

—Detroit Free Press.

—Traverse the desert and then ye can tell what treasures exist in the cold deep well; sink in despair on the red-dusted earth and then ye may reckon what water is worth.—Eliza Cook.

GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.

Some Predictions by a Prophet Who Has

Over 40 years ago an old German hermit published in a Bavarian paper a curious prophecy. In it he foretold the Austro-Russian and Franco-Russian wars, the death of Pope Pius and the Turkish-Russian debate at arms. He said that Germany would have three emperors in one year before the end of the century, and indicated the death of two United States presidents by assassination. All these things have come to pass. In the same article he said that when the 20th century opens great seismic disturbances will take place, which will cause the submergence of New York city and the western half of the city of Havana. (Who is to break in two, while Florida and Lower California are to suffer total extinction. The shock of these earthquakes will raise buildings to the ground in almost every city on the continent; millions of lives and billions' worth of property will be lost.)

The 19th is to be a change in economic conditions of almost every civilized nation. It foretells the growth of a democratic spirit in England, which will result in a revolution that will overthrow the present form of government and make the country a republic. He says the last ruler of England will be the best the country ever had, and the first president of the new nation will be one of the royal family.

Queen Victoria is by long odds the best ruler England has ever had, and in a recent speech the prince of Wales said it is his desire to live to see England a republic. According to the hermit, Russia, France and Italy will form an alliance, and will enter into war with Turkey. This war is to be the outgrowth of Turkish persecution of Christian subjects. The triple alliance will conquer the domain of the sick man of the east. At the expiration of the war complications will arise which will plunge Italy and France into war with Russia. The result will be that the two countries will be gobbled up by the northern power and will cease to exist as independent nations. While the war is being waged between them the pope will move the seat of Catholicism from Rome to some town in northern Ireland.

A rebellion will take place in the land of the shamrock, in which the country will become independent of England. Then a conflict will arise between the ultra-Catholics of the south of Ireland and the ultra-Protestants of the north, in which the southerners will be the victors. A kingdom will be reigned, and it is predicted that the reign of the first potentate will become historic for its tyranny.

The prophet paints a dark future for the United States. He says at the close of the century a feeling of unrest will seize the people. This feeling will be the outgrowth of unequal social and economic conditions. He predicts that the 25th president will be the last executive head of the United States. During his administration the discontented will break into open rebellion, and the established form of government will be rent asunder, and for a year or more anarchy will prevail. When order shall be brought out of chaos six republics will be formed, with capitals at the following cities: San Francisco, Denver, New Orleans, St. Louis, Washington and Boston.—N. Y. Mercury.

After-Effects of Grippe.

No one has up to date, been so affected by the grippe as the late president of this remarkable epidemic. An eminent authority, in commenting on its peculiarities, says that fresh air is the best tonic and restorer. Among the more serious symptoms of convalescence is the extreme depression to which the patient is liable. In this state a suicidal tendency is often developed, and hysteria is not uncommon. This is especially noted in cases where there has been a great deal of pain in the head. Pleasant and absorbing occupation is one of the best helps to recovery. Nourishing food, not too concentrated, a reasonable amount of exercise, stopping far short of the point of weariness, are also advantageous. Above all, indulgence in depression should be avoided, as this may develop into a chronic melancholia, and end in a mental disease of a serious character. As a summary of treatment, take plenty of fresh air, simple tonics, nourishing food and laugh and enjoy everything that comes in the way.—N. Y. Ledger.

Unsuccessful Coaching.

Mrs. Hayseed (in hotel dining-room).—"What a bright light those lamps give! Mr. Hayseed (whispering).—"Say, guess, Marry, them ain't lamps."

Mrs. Hayseed (loudly).—"Yes, as I was saying, what a bright light the gas jets give; guess they're fresh trimmed!"

N. Y. Weekly.

SUNRISE.

"Dear heart," they said, "the sun is high. Noon came while you were sleeping." "Ah, no! the dawn creeps up the sky." He said, nor heard their weeping.

Again he asked the hour of day. When dusk was slowly falling: "It cannot be, for far away I hear the robins calling."

And last he said: "I must arise, For now the morn is breaking." Then closed once more his weary eyes, And knew no earthly waking.

"All through that day his mind was dim," They softly thought, unknowing That while he lingered here, for him Another dawn was closing.

—Marty T. Higginson, in N. Y. Independent.

A DROP OF BLOOD.

IN 1773 the brigantine "Gov. Clinton" sailed from Philadelphia loaded with flour for Spanishtown, Jamaica. It was the 15th of December, and Capt. Ira Drake, her commander, expected to reach his New Year's dinner on the island. Everything was auspicious, and with a north-west wind he sailed down the river. He remarked long after that he felt unusually flurried by his parting with Mrs. Drake and her daughter Emma on the wharf, but not being of an imaginative turn of mind, the impressions passed and he saw the tall poplars and red-roofed farmhouses in the Neck fade away under the winter sunset with professional indifference.

The Gov. Clinton was only 120 tons, and she left port in company with 26 others, foreign bound, most of them square rigged.

Mrs. Drake and Emma walked up Second street to their home, which was in the house, then a two-story, afterwards the tea store of the late eccentric John Lamond, who died a few months ago. To be a captain's wife in those days was to hold social position next below the magnates of Society Hill, and Capt. Drake was reported a prosperous man.

"Mother," said the daughter, "do you feel any uneasiness in parting with father this voyage?"

"No, my dear. Don't let such things get into your mind."

"Yes, but the Aggie Shade has been out over 60 days, and she's bound for Jamaica, too. Poor Mrs. Folsom is just wild about her husband. How I do wish father would give up the sea and stay ashore."

Shipmasters' wives had to have stout hearts in those days; there were perils on the sea then that are unknown now—a West India voyage meant poor charts, dodging among the reefs and keys of the Bahama banks, northers, hurricanes and more deadly assaults from the desperate marauders that infested the coast of Cuba and were severely held by the Spanish authorities, who shared in their plunder, and at this time both Tarry and the La Fittes were known to be cruising in the Gulf.

Christmas passed, and as New Year's came on a feeling of uneasiness and dread entered the Drake household. Emma had an additional source of anxiety. San Spain, although only 21, was first officer of the Gov. Clinton, and a splendid specimen of the American sailor, and before this voyage he and Emma had exchanged vows. And so poor Emma fretted, and made her mother anxious.

New Year's day, 1796, was cold, blustering and sleety, and after attendance at early mass at St. Joseph's both women sat down to breakfast.

"For the Lord's sake, Emma, don't tell me anything about your dreams. You make me nervous. Your father and the brig are all right, and when the Quickstep comes in we'll hear from them."

The pirate craft was intent only on saving her men in the yawl, but it was too late. The corvette ran her down and at 100 yards gave the marauders a shower of grape that tore the boat and crew into splinters. The schooner made off, but before the Christian church chimed rang for another Christmas poor Emma Drake had followed her lover to a better land—Philadelphia Times.

A Turkish Policeman at Prayers.

When the door called from the bazaar and the faithful moved into the mosque to pray, Mahmoud went too. After the first day he discarded his uniform, all but his fez, for a suit of light flannel, exchanging his short sword for a stout stick. This stick Mahmoud held as his badge of office while Mahmoud prayed. I followed him into the mosque, but before the Christian church chimed rang for another Christmas poor Emma Drake had followed her lover to a better land—Philadelphia Times.

The Gov. Clinton was an old tub and did her best when she reeled off eight knots on a bowline, but this time, under a fair northeast wind, she was cutting a feather through the waves of the Bahama banks on the 19th of December. Here her good luck ended. A norther set in, driving them 200 miles off their course, and then head winds blew for a week, so that it was the last day in the year before they came in sight of the Cuban coast, and not over ten miles off Cape St. Antoine the wind failed and there came one of those dead calms peculiar to these latitudes: the sails hung without a shiver and the pennant was as straight down as a yard of pump water. But this was not the worst. Capt. Drake knew that he was in the track of the pirates and was practically helpless to keep away from them, and at this moment he was doubtless sig-

naled off shore to some of their vessels. Everything depended on keeping a stout heart.

His six 24-pound carronades were loaded with grape and kentledge, the arm-chest was opened, cutlasses and pistols were served to the crew, muskets were loaded and the cook filled his coppers with hot water, ready to repel boarders. All hands kept watch that night, and in the morning Maria Spain went aloft with a glass. He at once hailed the deck. "There is a topsail schooner lying behind that point of land off the starboard quarter. I can't make out any sail on her."

"All right, come down. We'll have breakfast. There's trouble ahead, but there are 23 of us, all good men, and we ought to make a tidy fight for our lives."

A strict watch was kept at the mast-head, and at ten o'clock a hail came: "There's a boat full of men putting off shore. It is a yawl with a tug. She's coming fast under sweeps."

The ensign was seized upon down to attract some passing vessel, and all waited and watched. There were not less than 40 men in the yawl.

When it was within about 20 yards of the brig the captain cried "fire!" But as usual two of the carronades missed fire, the other scattered ten feet wide of the boat, and next it swept under the bow, the leader, a white man, springing into the chains, followed by a gang of mulattoes, negroes and Spaniards, all big men. Their captain's head just came above the bow, when he was run through the neck by a pike and thrown overboard, but his men managed to get on the bowsprit and around. Two of the pirates mounted the channels and tumbled in to the waist. The cook, a negro giant weighing 200, rushed at them with a cutlass, beat down their guard and hewed them down. A third had grasped the swift-

ly.

"That's all right, Maria," and Mr. Cross-Rhodes stuck to the Maria, for her tone tugged him.

"I should think," she went on, "that if you had sense enough to make all the money you have and to live in a fine house in Washington, you would have wit enough to suit yourself to your circumstances."

"You just objected to my wit," he retorted. "It's a very good society average, too, for I've been listening to some of it and I know what I am talking about."

"I presume you consider those horrid stories that congressmen tell to be the only genuinely interesting and brilliant conversation to be found in the capital."

Joel laughed deep down within himself.

"You ought to hear some of them, Marree," he began, with a good, honest laugh of appreciation, when one look at her face stopped him.

"Mr. Cross-Rhodes," she said, indignantly.

"I don't mean that, Marree, my dear," he apologized. "Only you know, some of those are daisy cutters."

"I have no desire, Mr. Cross-Rhodes, to dwell on that subject nor hear your circle, I'm sure if you kept out of that circle and tried to harmonize yourself with society it would be greatly to your advantage."

"And to society's, Marree," he bowed, smart, as I said before, my Settlements, my manners, do you know, seem to be a little out of the way, don't you know, and I can't say either, either. So what am I to do about it?"

"You must not be so afraid of this frank admission."

"Oh, yes, they would. I gave myself away when I let you see me in that coming here. But you will admit, Marree," he said, with a brightening face, "that I can shake hands quite in the law-fair manner. I learned that shaking hands with our neighbors. Look home over a stake-and-ordered fence."

Mr. Cross-Rhodes laughed at this sally, but Mrs. Cross-Rhodes frowned.

"Everything that is good form you think should be ridiculed," Mr. Cross-Rhodes, she said, "and you want to introduce your comical manners into our best circles."

"Aw, now, Maria," he begged, mockingly. "I don't want to do that, and you know I don't. I do, Maria, I do get a hoe and weed out a few people I know of."

"There you go again," she expostulated. "What difference to you is it if you don't admire certain people? They are good form and are rich, and that's twice as many accomplishments as you have."

Joel Cross-Rhodes jingled the dollars in his pockets and grinned.

"Joel and Marree combined have 'em both, though," he said, in the fashion of his youth, and laughed in his natural voice.

Mrs. Cross-Rhodes put up her hands, as if to shut out some dreadful sight and sound.

"Don't worry about me, Marree," he went on, encouragingly. "I'll get the manners of a diplomat after awhile."

She shook her head.

"Don't say diplomat," she entreated.

"Why not?" and he looked his surprise. "Ain't they gentlemen good?"

"They are polished gentlemen, Mr. Cross-Rhodes, as you call them, but diplomats, as you call them, are not diplomats."

Mr. Cross-Rhodes got up wearily, gazed sympathetically at his wife and moved toward the door.

"Diplomats is good, very good, Marree," he said, "and I stand pal on that deal. I see our neighbor's to-morrow sitting on the door-mat and I guess I'll get my hah and go out and come with him for awhile. Then I'll go on a bail till I won't know where I am, as he told me for, Marree," he went on, as he noted her frown. "Said, in conclusion, let me say, regarding your pronunciation: 'Bibbs' or, as they say it in Settlements, 'Batts' and with this, my dear Marree, I bid you adieu. I am, my dear Marree, your devoted husband, and I am, my dear Marree, your devoted husband, and I am, my dear Marree, your devoted husband."

Even an epicure will not scorn a well-made cheese salad. Here is one of the most attractive ways in which it may be served: Use cream cheese and mix with it a very little green coloring paste. Then roll the cheese into balls the size of birds' eggs. This can be easily done by using the back or smooth side of butter-pats. Get fresh young lettuce; wet them with French dressing and arrange on a flat plate in little groups that look like nests. Into these nests put a few green balls and serve out one to each guest.—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE SWIM.

Mr. and Mrs. Cross-Rhodes Have a Discussion on Social Points.

"Mr. Cross-Rhodes," said Mrs. Cross-Rhodes, severely. "I wish you would understand that society of Washington is quite different from that of Setting sunville."

"Well, Maria," began Mr. Cross-Rhodes.

"Don't call me Maria," she exclaimed. "You know well enough that my name is Marree."

"Excuse me, Marree—I mean Marree, but it didn't suit to be."

"That has nothing to do with the case," she said, with much emphasis.

"Perhaps not with the case," replied Mr. Cross-Rhodes, essaying a dash into society wit, but it has with the works."

"That's one of your horrid puns, Joel," she cried, at a grimace, "and I won't listen to it."

"Don't call me Joel," he chuckled.

"You know my name is Josephine."

This attempt restored her to herself. "It is very strange, Mr. Cross-Rhodes," she said, naughtily, "that a person in your position doesn't try to conform to his environments."

"I do try, Marree, but you can't learn old dogs new tricks."

"Nor grammar," she said, sarcastically.

"That's all right, Maria," and Mr. Cross-Rhodes stuck to the Maria, for her tone tugged him.

"I should think," she went on, "that if you had sense enough to make all the money you have and to live in a fine house in Washington, you would have wit enough to suit yourself to your circumstances."

"You just objected to my wit," he retorted. "It's a very good society average, too, for I've been listening to some of it and I know what I am talking about."

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THE GIRL'S VOICE ROSE TO A SCREAM.

Spanishtown. She sails from there today.

"But, mother, there is something in my dreams, and I don't feel such a full one before, and you know—good God, what is that?" and the girl's voice rose to a scream. "Oh, mother, on your hand, on your hand!"

The mother looked and grew pale as death. There, on her pump, white hand was a drop of ruby blood. She murmured: "Maybe I pricked myself with the fork," and with a shudder wiped away the dread token. But there was no wound, the skin being unbroken.

"There, there, it has come again! Oh, mother, let's pray. My dear father and Sam are in peril. I know it. I feel it."

And they knelt, and with heads bowed down prayed to Him who rules the winds and tempests to spare their loved ones on the sea.

A Misunderstanding.—"I say, stranger," whispered a western man who had strayed into an uptown theater where the play of "Romeo and Juliet" was going on. "I can't make head or tail of this thing. What's the name of this play anyhow?" "Romeo and Juliet," "Well, if I'd known that," said the disgusted westerner, "I wouldn't have come in. I understood the feller at the door to say it was something about Omaha and Juliet."—Harlem Life.

Cold Day When He Got Left.—"I hear Jack Fortesque is ill. What is the trouble?" "He was frost bitten." "While he was skating?" "No; he proposed to a Boston girl."—Detroit Free Press.

To see a rainbow in a dream foretells a long journey.

WRECK ON THE COAST.

How Uncle Sam's Life Savers Succeed Those in Distress.

On the discovery of a wreck by night, the patrolman burns a red signal light (with which he is always supplied) to notify those on the wreck that they have been seen, and that assistance will be rendered.

He then hastens to the station, and the whole crew turns out; the boat is run out on its carriage, all apparatus is collected, and they proceed to the part of the beach nearest the wreck. If practicable, the life-boat is launched, each man wearing a life-belt. They pull off to the wreck, and under the keeper's orders, which are promptly obeyed, the passengers are taken off to the beach, and the boat returns until all have been rescued.

If the boat cannot be used on account of the surf and the weather, they proceed to rig the breeches-buoy line between the wreck and the shore.

Coming abreast of the wreck, preparations are made to get a line to the vessel. Each man has his part of the work to do; the keeper, assisted by man No. 1, has been loading the gun; he puts in it a projectile to which is fastened a strong braided line, 600 yards long, and so ciled in a box that it may follow the shot without getting entangled. If their aim is well taken the short line will pass over the wreck and the short-line will fall across some part of the vessel.

The crew on the wreck haul in this line, to which the life-savers have attached a pulley with a heavier rope through it; both ends of this rope are kept on shore.

When it is fast on board the vessel, the life-savers fasten a hawser to one side of the whipline and haul on the other, and the whipline is pulled out to the wreck; this hawser also bears a tally-board, directing that it be made fast two feet above the whipline.

Now there is one endless snarl! ropes, and a large one three and a half inches in circumference, connecting the wreck with the shore.

To this large rope is fastened the breeches-buoy (also known as well known) by a snatch-block; this block can be opened at one side and closed securely after it has been slipped over the hawser.

Meantime, the surfmen have buried the sand-anchor deep in the sand, and tuckles are hooked to this anchor and the hawser, which has been made taut. Then a snitch is set under it upon the beach, which raises it over eight feet from the ground. The breeches-buoy now hangs from the hawser by the snatch-block; to the slings by which the buoy is attached to the block one side of the whipline has been made fast, and the buoy is hauled out to the wreck; a man gets in, putting a tag to each opening, and is hauled to shore through surf that often covers him; he is taken out, and the breeches-buoy travels to and fro over this aerial railway till all are rescued.

Then the apparatus is recovered as far as possible, the beach-cart is drawn back to the station, the boat and gear are put in order, and the rescued ones are attended to—"The Story of a Life-Saving Station," by Teresa A. Brown, in St. Nicholas.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CHILD'S LESSON.

Far down in the silent ocean, Where the sunbeams never fall, Never comes the storm's commotion, Dwells the coral insect small.

Days, and months, and years are passing, Still he clings to reach the sun; Every hour his work is growing 'Till the coral reef is done.

Unfold slowly, ah! but surely Climbs he brighter every year; From this little coral insect Let us learn to persevere.

—Chat.

SAVING A SAILOR BY MEANS OF THE BREECHES-BUOY.

alayed, the passengers are taken off to the beach, and the boat returns until all have been rescued.

If the boat cannot be used on account of the surf and the weather, they proceed to rig the breeches-buoy line between the wreck and the shore.

Coming abreast of the wreck, preparations are made to get a line to the vessel. Each man has his part of the work to do; the keeper, assisted by man No. 1, has been loading the gun; he puts in it a projectile to which is fastened a strong braided line, 600 yards long, and so ciled in a box that it may follow the shot without getting entangled. If their aim is well taken the short line will pass over the wreck and the short-line will fall across some part of the vessel.

The crew on the wreck haul in this line, to which the life-savers have attached a pulley with a heavier rope through it; both ends of this rope are kept on shore.

When it is fast on board the vessel, the life-savers fasten a hawser to one side of the whipline and haul on the other, and the whipline is pulled out to the wreck; this hawser also bears a tally-board, directing that it be made fast two feet above the whipline.

Now there is one endless snarl! ropes, and a large one three and a half inches in circumference, connecting the wreck with the shore.

To this large rope is fastened the breeches-buoy (also known as well known) by a snatch-block; this block can be opened at one side and closed securely after it has been slipped over the hawser.

Meantime, the surfmen have buried the sand-anchor deep in the sand, and tuckles are hooked to this anchor and the hawser, which has been made taut. Then a snitch is set under it upon the beach, which raises it over eight feet from the ground. The breeches-buoy now hangs from the hawser by the snatch-block; to the slings by which the buoy is attached to the block one side of the whipline has been made fast, and the buoy is hauled out to the wreck; a man gets in, putting a tag to each opening, and is hauled to shore through surf that often covers him; he is taken out, and the breeches-buoy travels to and fro over this aerial railway till all are rescued.

Then the apparatus is recovered as far as possible, the beach-cart is drawn back to the station, the boat and gear are put in order, and the rescued ones are attended to—"The Story of a Life-Saving Station," by Teresa A. Brown, in St. Nicholas.

A WATCH THAT SPEAKS.

A wonderful mechanical contrivance is announced from Switzerland in the shape of a watch that calls out the hours in a voice like that of a human being. This mechanical curiosity is the invention of one Casimir Livan, who bases its principles upon his knowledge of the workings of the phonograph. The case, instead of containing a striking apparatus, as some of the late costly watches do, is provided with a phonographic cylinder, which is fitted with a sensitive photographic plate, which has received the impression of a human voice before being inserted in the watch.

PET GOAT AS A SMUGGLER.

The customs authorities of an English port have unearthed a new method of smuggling. On a passenger steamer plying to France there was a pet long-haired goat, which regularly accompanied the crew. A discharged sailor gave away the scheme, and on the next trip the goat was seized. Examination showed that the goat's own hair had been clipped very close, then round its body were packed cigars, lace and other dutiable articles, and then the false coat was skillfully put on and fastened with hooks and eyes. After this experience, even a poodle dog is pinched and pulled around by the officers before being allowed to pass.

Portugal's Costly Crown.

According to a Paris paper the crown of the king of Portugal, which was recently repaired by a jeweler, is the most costly in the world, being valued at over \$5,000,000.

IN NO DANGER.

Dinkley (who has a bill for medical attendance for four years and never mentions a settlement).—"Doctor, I woke up in a cold sweat a little while ago, but feel so much better now I am sorry I sent for you. I am easily frightened and am afraid I am losing my nerve."

Dr. Grinby (who has been called at ten a. m. daily).—"No, I don't think you are.—Judge."

CANINE VOCALIST.

Tennessee Has a Dog of Whom the People Are Justly Proud.

While on a trip through Moore county, Tenn., recently, I was the guest of Rev. Frank M. Downing, who lives in the neighborhood of a small settlement called County Line. His family consists of himself and wife and a small yellow dog, which I noticed received an unusual amount of care and attention. As there was nothing particularly attractive about the dog, which was only a mongrel cur, I rather wondered at their manifest affection, and one day inquired the reason for it. Mr. Downing, for answer, called "Bench!" and placed him in a chair, commanding him to "crown." My astonishment was unbounded when the dog gave a perfect imitation of a Shanghai rooster, and without further command followed it with the neigh of a horse, lowing of cows, grunts and squeals of pigs, whining of cats, and various noises incident to farm life. He could give all the yelps of a pack of hounds in pursuit of a fox, and in so realistic a manner that you could scarcely help believing that a hunt was in progress.

Mr. Downing said nobody had taught the animal, and his peculiar imitative powers were discovered by accident. The summer previous, when Bench was a mere puppy, Rev. John Malcolm, the preacher for their circuit, was ill at Downing's house, and was made extremely nervous at night by a rooster crowing at all hours beneath his window. The people who were attending him could not discover the rooster, but one morning Mrs. Downing, in passing the window, was startled by seeing the puppy throw back his head and crow. She hastened to relate the circumstances to her husband, who was incredulous and carefully watched the dog. He quickly corroborated his wife's story, and for some time the neighbors flocked to see the wonderful dog. He quickly learned to crow a command, and each day picked up some new sound. Last November a neighbor of Mr. Downing carried Bench to Nashville while the Barnum & Bailey show was there, and the manager offered a handsome price for him, saying that he was convinced Bench could be taught to talk, but Mr. Downing refused to give him up. In appearance Bench is not prepossessing, his color being a dirty yellow, his hair coarse and wiry, his legs short, and his body rather unwieldy. In his eyes, however, there gleams an intelligence almost human.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SNOW MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Lots of Fun in Towns Where There Are No Hills or Coast Bends.

Did you ever hear of a snow merry-go-round? It's great fun, especially in a town where there are no hills to coast down. One of the readers of the boys' and girls' department describes just how the merry-go-round is made. A stout post is driven at the center of a level plot of ground, and to the top of this a long pole or plank is fastened on a pivot. This is all that is necessary. A sled may now be tied to either end or one at each end of the pole, and a

few boys at the center can keep the merry-go-round spinning with great rapidity. Of course the boys on the sleds, who are called "pushers," have an exciting ride, and they take turns occasionally with the "pusher." If the snow wears out the track can be iced by pouring water over it and letting it freeze.—Chicago Record.

TOLD OF CHILDREN.

Bright Sayings with Which They Have Been Credited.

Jack explained a misstatement the other day by saying: "I misunderstood."

Little